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**DR. TALMAGE ON ART.**  
A MIGHTY AGENCY FOR THE SALVA-  
TION OF MANKIND.

Pictures Potent For Good or Evil as  
the Subjects are Good or Bad.  
Praise For American Artists—Need  
of Art Galleries.

[Copyright, Louis Kleopse, 1898.]  
WASHINGTON, June 18.—Dr. Talmage  
shows in this discourse how art may  
become one of the mightiest agencies  
for the elevation and salvation of the  
human race. The text is Isaiah li, 12,  
16, "The day of the Lord of hosts shall  
be . . . upon all pleasant pictures."

Pictures are by some relegated to the  
realm of the trivial, accidental,  
sentimental or worldly; but my text  
shows that God scrutinizes pictures,  
and whether they are good or bad,  
whether used for right or wrong pur-  
poses, is a matter of divine observa-  
tion and arraignment. The divine mis-  
sion of pictures is my subject. That  
the artist's pencil and the engraver's  
knife have sometimes been made sub-  
servient to the kingdom of the bad is  
frankly admitted.

After the actor has been  
shown that God scrutinizes pictures,  
the powers of darkness think they  
have gained a triumph, and they have.  
when in some respectable parlor or  
public art gallery they can hang a can-  
vas embarrassing to the good but fas-  
cinating to the evil.

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but  
backed up by God's eternal truth,  
when I say that you have no right to  
hang in your art rooms or your dwell-  
ing houses that which would be offen-  
sive to good people if the figures pic-  
tured were alive in your parlor and the  
guests of your household. A picture  
that you have to hang in a somewhat  
secluded place, or that in a public hall  
you cannot with a group of friends  
deliberately stand before and discuss,  
ought to have a knife stabbed into it,  
at the top and cut clear through to the  
bottom, and a stout finger thrust in on  
the right side, ripping clear through to  
the left. Pliny the elder lost his life  
by going near enough to see the inside  
of Vesuvius, and the farther you can  
stand off from the burning crater, the  
safer you are.

Never till the books of  
the last day are opened shall we know  
what has been the dire harvest of evil  
pictures and unbecoming art galler-  
ies. Despoil a man's imagination and  
he becomes a mere carcass. The show  
windows of English and American liv-  
ing, in which the low theaters have  
sometimes hung long lines of brazen  
actors and actresses in style insulting  
to all propriety, have made a broad  
path to death for multitudes of people.  
But so have all the other arts been at  
times suborned of evil. How has music  
been bedraggled? Is there any place  
so low down in dissoluteness  
that into it has not been carried Dav-  
id's harp, and Ham's organ, and  
Gottschalk's piano, and Ole Bull's vi-  
olin? and the flute, which though named  
after so insignificant a thing as the  
Sicilian elf, which has seven spots on  
the side like flute holes, yet for thou-  
sands of years has had an exalted mis-  
sion? Architecture, born in the heart  
of him who made the worlds, under its  
arches and across its floors, what  
bacchanalian revelries have been en-  
acted! It is not against any of these  
arts that they have been so led into  
captivity!

**Value of Art Galleries.**  
When I hear a man is a painter, I  
have two feelings—one of admiration  
for the greatness of his soul and the  
other of commiseration for the needs  
of his body. But so it has been in all  
departments of noble work. Some of  
the mightiest have been hardly be-  
lieved to have been such a painter, or  
stevedore, or soldier, or statesman, or  
missionary, or to Mexico made the fatal  
mistake of destroying pictures, for  
the loss of which art and religion must  
ever lament. But why go so far back  
when in this year of our Lord to be a  
painter, except in rare occasions,  
means poverty and neglect, and poor  
bachelonian revelries have been en-  
acted! It is not against any of these  
arts that they have been so led into  
captivity!

**Pleasant Pictures.**

What a poor world this would be if  
it were not for what my text calls  
"pleasant pictures." I refer to room  
memory and mine when I ask if your  
knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has  
not been mightily augmented by the  
woodcuts or engravings in the old  
family Bible which father and mother  
read out of and laid on the table in the  
old homestead when you were boys  
and girls. The Bible scenes which  
all carry in our minds, and which  
from the Bible typology, but from the  
Bible pictures. To prove the truth of  
it in my own case, the other day I took  
up the old family Bible which I inher-  
ited. Sure enough, what I have car-  
ried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was  
exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's  
ladder, and so with Samson carrying  
off the gates of Gaza, Elsie restoring  
the Shunammite's son, the massacre of  
the innocents, Christ blessing little  
children, the crucifixion and the last  
judgment. My idea of all these is that  
of the old Bible engravings which I  
scanned before I could read a word.  
That is true with nine-tenths of you.  
If I could swing open the door of your  
foreheads, I would find that you are  
walking picture galleries. The great  
intelligence abroad about the Bible did  
not come from the general reading of  
the book, for the majority of the peo-  
ple read it but little, if they read it at  
all; but all the sacred scenes have been  
put before the great masses, and not  
printer's ink, but the pictorial art,  
must have the credit of the achieve-  
ment. First, painter's pencil for the  
favored few, and then engraver's plate  
or woodcut for millions on millions!

What overwhelming commentary  
on the Bible, what re-enforcement for pa-  
triarachs, prophets, apostles and Christ,  
what distribution of Scriptural knowl-  
edge of all nations, in the paintings  
and engravings therefrom of Holman  
Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul  
Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the  
Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael  
the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dra-  
gon of the Apocalypse," Michael An-  
gelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents,"  
Tintoretto's "Flight into Egypt," Ru-  
bens' "Descent From the Cross," Le-  
onardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper,"  
Claude's "Queen of Sheba," Bellini's  
"Madonna" at Milan, Orcagna's "Last  
Judgment" and hundreds of miles of  
pictures, if they were put in line, tra-  
versing, depicting, dramatizing, irra-  
diating Bible truths until the Scrip-  
tures are not today so much on paper  
as on canvas, not so much in ink as in  
all the colors of the spectrum. In 1833,  
forth from Strassburg, Germany, there  
came a child that was to enlighten  
and speed and boldness anything that  
everything that the world had ever  
seen since the first color appeared on

the sky at the creation, Paul Gustave  
Dore. At 11 years of age he published  
marvelous lithographs of his own. Say-  
ing nothing of what he did for Milton's  
"Paradise Lost," embellishing it on  
the attention of the world, he takes up  
the book of books, the monarch of  
literature, the Bible, and in his pic-  
tures, "The Creation of Light," "The  
Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The  
Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His  
Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent,"  
"Boaz and Ruth," "David and Go-  
liath," "The Transfiguration," "The  
Marriage at Cana," "Balaiah's Fall,"  
and 205 Scriptural scenes in all, with  
a boldness and a grasp and almost su-  
pernatural affluents that make the heart  
throb and the brain reel and the tears  
start and the cheeks blanch and the  
entire nature quake with the tremen-  
dous things of God and eternity and the  
dead. I actually staggered down the  
steps of the London Art gallery under  
the power of Dore's "Christ Leaving  
the Praetorium." Profess you to be a  
Christian man or woman and see no  
divine mission in art and acknowledge  
you no obligation either in thanks to  
God or man?

**Art's Divine Mission.**

It is no more the world of God when  
put before us in primary colors than  
the world of man when put before us  
in metal through incision or corrosion.  
What a lesson in morals was presented  
by Hogarth, the painter, in his two  
pictures, "The Rake's Progress" and  
"The Miser's Feast," and by Thomas  
Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of  
Human Life" and the "Course of Em-  
pire" and by Turner's "Slave Ship,"  
"God in Art," "Christ in Art," "Patri-  
archs, prophets and apostles in art,"  
Angels in art! Heaven in art!

"The world and the church ought to  
come to the higher appreciation of the  
divine mission of pictures, yet the  
authors of them have generally been  
left to semistarvation. West, the  
great painter, trained in appreciation  
of the divine mission of pictures, who  
he formed the acquaintance of  
General Howe of the English army,  
who, through coming to admire West  
as a clever skater, gradually came to  
appreciate as much that which he ac-  
complished by his hand as by his head.  
Poussin, the mighty painter, was pur-  
sued and had nothing with which to  
defend himself against the mob but  
the artist's portfolio, which he held  
over his head to keep off the stones  
hurled at him. The pictures of Rich-  
ard Wilson of England were sold for  
fabulous sums of money after his  
death, but the living painter was glad  
to get for his "Alyce" a piece of  
Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1840  
there were 240 pictures willfully de-  
stroyed. In the reign of Queen Eliza-  
beth it was the habit of some people  
to spend much of their time in knock-  
ing pictures to pieces. In the reign of  
Charles I it was ordered by parlia-  
ment that all pictures of Christ be  
burned. Painters were so badly  
treated and humiliated in the begin-  
ning of the eighteenth century that  
they were lowered clear down out of  
the sublimity of their art and obliged  
to give accounts of what they did with  
their colors. The oldest picture in  
England, a portrait of Chaucer, though  
now of great value, was picked out of  
a lumber garret. Great were the trials  
of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from  
blacksmith and mill as a painter,  
he even with recognition. The first  
mistake of destroying pictures, for  
the loss of which art and religion must  
ever lament. But why go so far back  
when in this year of our Lord to be a  
painter, except in rare occasions,  
means poverty and neglect, and poor  
bachelonian revelries have been en-  
acted! It is not against any of these  
arts that they have been so led into  
captivity!

open a door into some larger realm  
than that in which our population  
daily drudge! Or what a good thing  
the half hour of artistic opportunity  
on the way home in the evening from  
exhaustion that demands recuperation  
for mind and soul as well as body!  
Who will do for the city where you  
live what W. W. Corcoran did for  
Washington and what others have  
done for Philadelphia and Boston and  
New York? Many of wealth, if you are  
too modest to build and endow such a  
place during your lifetime, why not  
go to your iron safe and take out your  
last will and testament and make a  
codicil that shall build for the city of  
your residence a throne for American  
art? Take some of that money that  
would otherwise spoil your children  
and build an art gallery that shall as-  
sociate your name forever, not only  
with the great masters of painting  
who are gone, but with the great mas-  
ters who are trying to live, and also  
with the admiration and love of tens of  
thousands of people who, unable to  
have fine pictures of their own, would  
be advantaged. By your benefactions  
build your own monuments and not  
leave it to the whims of others. Some  
of the best people sleeping in Green-  
wood have no monuments at all, or  
some crumbling stones that in a few  
years will let the rain wash out name  
and epitaph, while some men whose  
death was the abatement of a nuisance  
have a pile of Aberdeen granite high  
enough for a king and an eulogium  
enough to embarrass a sardaph.

Oh, man of large wealth, instead of  
leaving to the whim of others your  
monumental commemoration and epi-  
taphology, to be looked at when people  
are going to and fro at the burial of  
others, build right down in the heart  
of our great city, or the city where you  
live, an immense free reading room or  
a free musical conservatory or a free  
art gallery, the niches for sculpture  
and the walls ablaze with the rise and  
fall of nations and lessons of courage  
for the disheartened and rest for the  
weary and life for the dead, and 150  
years from now you will be winking  
in this world for good. How much  
better than white marble, that  
chills you if you put your hand on it,  
when you touch it in the cemetery,  
would be a monument in colors, in  
beaming eyes, in living possession, in  
splendors which under the chandelier  
would be glowing and warm and look-  
ed at by strolling groups with cat-  
alogues in hand, on the January night  
when the snowpools where the body  
sleeps is all new under! The tower  
of David was hung with 1,000 dried  
shields of battle, but you, oh man of  
wealth, may have a grander tower  
named after you, one that arouses  
the heart with the symbols of courage,  
but with the victories of that art  
which was so long ago recognized in  
my text as "pleasant pictures." Oh,  
the power of pictures! I cannot de-  
scribe, as some have done, Cardinal Ma-  
zarini, who, when told that he must die,  
took his last walk through the art gal-  
lery of his palace, saying: "Must I go  
like that? Look at that Titian! Look  
at that Correggio! Look at that pic-  
ture of Caracci! Farewell, dear pic-  
tures!"

**A Universal Language.**  
As the day of the Lord of hosts, ac-  
cording to this text, will scrutinize the  
pictures, I implore all parents to see  
that in their households there be  
neither in book nor newspaper nor on  
canvas anything that will deprave.  
Pictures are no longer the exclusive  
possession of the affluent. There is  
not a respectable home in these cities  
that has not specimens of woodcut or  
steel engraving, if not of painting,  
and your whole family will feel the  
moral uplifting or depression. Have  
nothing on your wall or in books that  
will familiarize the young with scenes  
of cruelty and villainy. Have only  
those sketches made by artists in ele-  
vated moods and none of those scenes  
that send the product of artistic de-  
sirement trembles. Pictures are not only  
a strong but a universal language.  
The human race is divided into almost  
as many nations as there are na-  
tions, but the pictures may speak to  
people of all tongues. Volapuk may  
have hoped, with little reason, would  
become a worldwide language. But  
the pictorial is always a worldwide  
language, and printers' types have no  
emphasis compared with it. We say  
that children are fond of pictures, but  
notice any man when he takes up a  
book and you will see that the first  
thing that he looks at is the pictures.  
Have only those in your house that ap-  
peal to the better nature. One en-  
graving has sometimes decided an  
eternal destiny. Under the title of  
fine arts there have come here from  
France a class of pictures which  
elaborate argument has tried to prove  
irreproachable. They would disgrace  
barroom and they need to be confis-  
cated. Your children will carry the  
pictures of their father's house with  
them clear on to the grave, and, pass-  
ing that marble pillar, will raise them  
through eternity.

Furthermore, let all reformers, and  
all Sabbath school teachers and all  
Christian workers realize that if they  
would be effective for good, they must  
make pictures, if not by chalk on  
blackboards, or kindergarten designs,  
or by pencil on canvas, then by words.  
Arguments are soon forgotten, but pic-  
tures, whether in language or in colors,  
are what produce strongest effects.  
Christ was always telling what a thing  
he was, but he was telling what he was  
like, and his sermon on the mount  
was a great picture of the new man  
that cannot be hid, and ending with  
a tempest beating against two houses,  
one on the rock and the other on the  
sand. The parable of the prodigal son,  
a picture; parable of the sower who  
went forth to sow a picture; parable  
of the unmerciful servant, a picture;  
parable of the ten virgins, a picture;  
parable of the talents, a picture. The  
world wants pictures, and the appetite  
begins with the child, who con-  
sents to go early to bed if the mother  
will sit beside him and rehearse a sto-  
ry, which is only a picture. When we  
see how much has been accomplished  
in secular directions by pictures—  
Shakespeare's tragedies, a picture; Vic-  
tims and Tennyson's and Longfel-  
low's works, all pictures—why not en-  
list as far as possible for our churches  
and schools and reformatory work and  
evangelistic endeavor, the power of  
thought that can be put into word pic-  
tures if not pictures in color? Yes,

why not all young men draw for them-  
selves on paper with pen or pencil their  
coming career, of virtue if they prefer  
that of vice if they prefer that. After  
making the picture put it on the wall  
or paste it on the fly leaf of some favor-  
ite book that you may have it before  
you.

I read of a man who had been exe-  
cuted for murder, and the jailer found  
afterward a picture made on the wall  
of the cell by the assassin's own hand,  
a picture of a flight of stairs. On the  
lowest step he had written: "Dis-  
obedience to parents;" on the second,  
"Sabbath breaking;" on the third,  
"drunkenness and gambling;" on the  
fourth, "murder," and on the fifth and  
top step, "a gallows." If that man had  
made that picture before he took the  
first step, he never would have taken  
any of them! Oh, man, make another  
picture, a bright picture, an evangelic-  
al picture and I will help you make it!  
I suggest six steps for this flight of  
stairs. On the first step write the Holy  
words, "A nature changed by the Holy  
Ghost, and washed in the blood of the  
Lamb;" on the second step, "Industry  
and good companionship;" on the third  
step, "A Christian home with a family  
altar;" on the fourth step, "Ever wid-  
ening usefulness;" on the fifth step, "A  
glorious departure from this world;"  
on the sixth step, "Heaven, heaven,  
heaven!" Write it three times, and let  
the letters of the one word be made  
up of banners, the second of coronets  
and the third of thrones! Promise me  
that you will do that, and I will promise  
to meet you on the sixth step, if the  
Lord will, through his pardoning  
grace, bring me there too.

And here I am going to say a word  
of cheer to people who have never had  
a word of consolation on that subject.  
There are men and women in this  
world by hundreds of thousands who  
have a fine natural taste and yet all  
their lives that taste has been sup-  
pressed, and although they could ap-  
preciate the galleries of Dresden and  
Vienna and Naples far more than 999  
people out of 1,000 who visit them,  
they may never go for they must sup-  
port their households, and bread and  
schooling for their children are of  
more importance than pictures.  
Though fond of music they are com-  
pelled to live amid discord; and though  
fond of architecture they dwell in  
clumsy abodes, and though appreciative  
of that engraving and paintings can  
do they are in perpetual deprivation.  
You are going, after you get on  
the sixth step of that stairs just spoken  
of, to find yourselves in the royal  
gallery of the universe, the concentrated  
splendors of all worlds before your  
transported vision. In some way all  
the thrilling scenes of the past, which  
we and the church of God have passed  
in our earthly state will be pictured  
or brought to mind.

At a cyclorama of Gettysburg a  
blind man who lost his sight in battle  
was with his child heard talking while  
standing before that picture. The  
blind man said to the daughter, "Are  
there all the pictures of the battle some  
of the soldiers marching up a hill?" "Yes,"  
she said. "Well," said the blind man,  
"is there a general on horseback lead-  
ing them on?" "Yes," she said. "Well,  
is there rushing down on these men a  
cavalry charge?" "Yes," was the re-  
ply. "And do there seem to be many  
dying and dead?" "Yes," was the an-  
swer. "Well, now do you see a shell  
from the woods bursting near the  
wheel of a cannon?" "Yes," she said.  
"Stop right there!" said the blind man.  
"That is the last thing I ever saw on  
earth! What a time it was, Jenny,  
when I lost my eyesight!" But when  
you, who have found life a hard battle,  
a very Gettysburg, shall stand in the  
royal gallery of heaven, and with your  
new vision begin to see and under-  
stand that which in your earthly blind-  
ness you could not see at all, you will  
point out to your celestial comrades,  
perhaps to your own dear children  
who have gone before, the scenes of  
the earthly conflicts in which you par-  
ticipated, saying: "I was driven back; in  
that valley of humiliation I was  
wounded. There I lost my eyesight.  
That was the way the world looked  
when I last saw it." But what a grand  
thing to get celestial vision and stand  
here before the cyclorama of all worlds  
while the rider on the white horse goes  
on "conquering his feet and conquering"  
the moon under his feet and the stars of  
heaven for his tunic!

**Telepathy From His Departed Arm.**  
Recently James Pickering was struck  
by a train in the case of the Balti-  
more and Ohio Railroad company at  
Parksbury, W. Va., and it was nec-  
essary to amputate one of his arms.  
Ever since the accident the portion of  
Pickering's arm which remained has  
caused him intense pain. Railroaders  
who have lost limbs in similar acci-  
dents informed the manager that if it  
had been buried in a cramped position  
the pain would never cease as long as it  
remained cramped. Pickering caused  
the dismembered portion to be disinter-  
red, and it was found to be in a cramped  
position, the elbow being bent until  
both the joints of the arm met. The  
arm was straightened out and again  
buried, and Pickering has felt no pain  
since.—Baltimore Sun.

**Newfoundland's Czar.**  
Robert Gillespie Reid, who has been  
called the "Czar of Newfoundland,"  
is building at his own expense a rail-  
way across the island and opening  
up the resources of the country in a  
way that has never been known before.  
One of the most prosperous communi-  
ties. Mr. Reid is a Scot and started  
life as a working stonemason. He came  
to America as a young man, and today  
is the biggest landowner in the world,  
for the Newfoundland govern-  
ment has given him 2,500,000 acres  
on condition that he makes the rail-  
way and operates it for ten years.

**Hard Workers.**  
A few days ago, says an English-  
man in Madrid, "I called at the gen-  
eral postoffice about a letter, and went  
into two departments before I found  
the right one. In the three depart-  
ments that I entered I did not see a  
single man at work. They were all  
either standing, looking out of the win-  
dow or sitting down, smoking and  
chatting."

**The One Day Cold Cure.**  
Cold in head and sore throat cured by Ker-  
mott's Chocolate Laxative Quinine. As easy  
to take as candy. "Children cry for them."

**WE ARE PARTLY HEATHEN.**  
Trifles in Everyday Life That Are  
Remnants of Ancient Worship.  
Every mark of respect we pay to  
each other in the streets is a heathen  
act of worship, says an English paper.  
Take the soldier's salute as an in-  
stance. When England was a province  
of the Roman empire, our ances-  
tors had to worship the Roman gods.  
The worshiper sidled up to the statue  
and threw a kiss with one hand. But  
in Roman times the emperor was also a  
god, and the salute was paid to him.  
Then it was paid to his viceroys, gov-  
ernors, generals and officers. It is still  
paid by the soldiers to every officer.  
Though he doesn't know it,  
Tommy Atkins treats Lieutenant  
Jones as a god.

In approaching a god or king the  
ancients bowed the knee. Today a  
servant approaching her mistress  
bows both knees, and the mistress ap-  
proaching the queen bows one knee in  
the courtesy. Men bow one knee to  
the queen, bow the head to a superior  
or employer, nod the head to an ac-  
quaintance. The nod is a survival of  
the divine honors.

In approaching a god the Romans  
went uncovered. We uncover to la-  
dies, in the presence of the queen and  
at the sound of the national anthem.  
We uncover on entering a private  
house, but in Russia one must un-  
cover in every shop and public house  
because the emperor's picture always  
hangs in a corner.

In pagan times the king was always  
a god—a descendant of the gods.  
So the ancient king demanded that  
divine honors be addressed to him.  
He must be called "lord." Sooner or  
later all the little kings were thrashed  
into obedience to the one big king who  
ruled the whole country. But the lit-  
tle kings kept the divine title long, and  
their descendants keep it today.  
One common custom goes right back  
to the time when our forefathers were  
painted savages and made human sacri-  
fices to the gods. It is kissing under  
the mistletoe.

**The Last of the Group.**  
When Thomas B. Reed began the  
practice of law in New York, Robert  
R. Hitt of Illinois will be the last one  
left in congress of a famous group of  
Republican statesmen who sat closely  
together during several sessions, enter-  
taining themselves and their neighbors  
by the brilliancy of their wit, while  
keeping a tight rein on the business of  
the house. The other members of the  
group were William Walter Phelps of  
New Jersey, Benjamin Butterworth of  
Ohio and Thomas M. Bayne of Penn-  
sylvania.

When the Democrats were to be stir-  
red up, the Republicans usually de-  
pended upon some member of this  
group to do the stirring, but it was  
difficult in the proceedings that their  
bright humor was most enjoyed. Then  
the members crowded around their  
seats, all eager listeners to the  
witty attacks and sharp retorts.  
Phelps, Butterworth and Bayne are  
dead, and with Reed out of congress  
Hitt is left as the most experienced  
man in legislation and foreign affairs  
on the Republican side.—San Francis-  
co Argonaut.